

Runaway by debutante_gurl

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Cigarettes, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, F/M, Hurt/Comfort, Pain, W H Y, im sorry, its so sad, oh my god this hurts

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-12

Updated: 2021-07-12

Packaged: 2022-03-31 11:22:34

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 507

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

507 words of their last night together.

Runaway

Author's Note:

my first ST fit, for my favorite ST ship! hope you enjoy.

this fic is dedicated to my beta, you are my favorite person.

Cigarette smoke clouded the air, all she could see was the outline of his body through the grey.

It was their last night together, and neither of them were willing to acknowledge it. She was laying in his bed, the sheets wrapped lazily around her body. He was taking photos of her, his finger never quite leaving the shutter.

“Why do you want to remember tonight, of all nights?” she had asked him, he had just shrugged in return.

He had lost weight since the mall, his thin frame seeming to cave in on itself. She had too, but neither of them had mentioned it. She blamed the stress, and the grief. The weight of change heavy enough to crush both of them.

She watched him put out another cigarette, the ashtray on his nightstand was nearly full. She wishes that he would quit, but it wasn't the time for that fight. Tonight was all about soaking each other up, trying to salvage the last of their summer. The heat was stale now, August sweaty and depressing, but she had still worn her sundress and insisted on dates through it. The feeling of death in the air was not enough to deter her from loving him, from trying, just once, to be normal.

She watched him walk over to the record player, flipping the vinyl. El and Will were having a sleepover with the party, and Joyce had decided to chaperone it (she still couldn't muster the strength to sleep apart from Will yet), so they had the house to themselves.

They had spent the first few hours tied up in one another's bodies, lips, and hands, trying to bridge the gap between them, a desperate attempt to fill the ever growing pit of dread in their stomachs. It had worked for a brief moment, when they were laying in one another's afterglow. But the glow faded, and the void grew deeper. She was sure that at some point it would swallow her whole, dragging her down into the dark.

He was back in bed now, a freshly lit cigarette hanging from his lips. She took it out of his and put it to her mouth, taking a long drag.

"We should leave," she said to him, meeting his eyes in the dark. He was shirtless, his still-bruised chest out in the open. Even in this broken state, he still took her breath away. "Run, never come back."

"Yah, we should," he said, grabbing her wrist and pulling her to his chest. She laid her head on his heart, letting the beat of it calm her down.

"We could get married, have a little family, and never think about this godforsaken town again." With every word, her heart broke more and more. It felt so foolish to dream with him, to speak about a future that seemed less and less likely each day.

"I love you," he told her, one hand in her hair, the other on draped over her hip.

"I love you too." she said.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed! please feel free to leave kudos or a comment.